

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"Certainly not. It wouldn't look well. He knows there's quite a family of you, so it would be too pointed just to throw him headlong at Marjory's complexion, as you might say. No, you'd better have Miriam on hand, too."

Ginger leaped to her plans with young enthusiasm. "Now, we must rush the thing through with a lot of snap," she cried. "Sweep him right off his feet—and sweep Margie off too. For you know—wait till I see if anybody's around! You know, Eddy, she's awfully gone on—You know who—Precher! Wait, till I close the door! Yes, he's nice, but he can console himself with Miriam. Such a sensible girl ought to be a great consolation to religion."

Eddy's invitation for them to come out to Pay Dirt for dinner at the farm she negated after a moment's consideration.

"No. Too prosaic. Your mother is so practical. She and Miriam would be sure to talk of canning fruit, or frying chickens, or what not. No, you bring him here. I don't know how in the world I'll get rid of Hiram, but I will. I'll get rid of father, too, for he'd be sure to give it away, he's so honest. Make it rather late—the furniture doesn't show up so well—I mean so badly—when it is dark. Come for dinner, but not too early. Come in the gloaming."

"All right. What time is the gloaming?" asked Eddy.

Ginger hung up the receiver. Then she went straight to the attic. This was opportunity tapping at their door. Tapping? Why, it was fairly screaming for admittance. A cool million—Eddy was right—hot million would be better, a fiery million, a boiling million, a skyrocket million. She unlocked the doll's trunk. The precious cache had been rifled often, and pretty thoroughly, in the last three weeks, but a steady stream trickled into it every day. And this was so to be an event in the lives of every one of them, a thing to remember forever, as long as they lived.

Ginger, with that springing imagination of hers, could already see Marjory, with softly silvered hair and the delicate rose flush of old age on her peach-bloom cheeks, recounting to the grandchildren clustered at her knee—beautiful children, all with golden curls and dimpled elbows, and all about the same size, clustered together like the cherubs in old religious paintings—"and this party was planned, and paid for, for my sake, by my dear little sister Ginger Ella. And there I met—" She filled her shabby purse with money, all dimes, and went down town. There was buying to be done, much buying. But there was one small detail that required her first attention. At the dry goods store she went into the private office of the president, to pay her Methodist respects to Joplin Westbury.

"Hello, how's everybody?" he greeted her cheerfully.

"Oh, just fine, thanks. Father's getting a double chin. The twins are fine, too. They go to college in just ten days now. I'm fine, too."

"How's our young preacher?"

"I don't know. I don't see much of him. I think he's blue—or lone-some, or something. You see, he feels that he's sort of out of things, because he's not a regular preacher. I dare say he thinks the members sort of snub him on that account, and leave him out of their church talk, and all."

"Why, that's too bad. I suppose he doesn't want to intrude—with your father there, and all. We like him first-rate."

"But you never do have him come to your house to talk church—the way you used to do with father, do you?"

"Well, you tell him to come around and see me. Tell him I especially asked for him. I'll pretend he's been neglecting me, and put it off on him. You tell him I want to know why he never comes around to talk church?"

"When? Tonight?"

"Well—yes. Tonight."

"He'll be pleased," said Ginger gently. "He's so young. He just loves to go about with father, and hobnob with the old pillars, and feel you are all salt of the earth together."

"Maybe your father would like to come along."

"He'd love it. If you really want him."

"Of course I want him. I want both of them. They've been making me run everything myself, and I don't like it."

"Early this evening? Right after dinner?"

"Tell them to come for dinner. I'll call my wife right up, and tell her we're having all the preachers for

dinner. Don't you want to come along? When it comes to running things, you can put it over the whole board, if you ask me."

"Oh, Mr. Westbury, what an idea! It's nice of you to invite me, but I can't come tonight. I have some personal business to attend to."

From his office, Ginger plunged into an utter orgy of buying. For the first time in her life, she abandoned herself to reckless spending. She bought an alligator pear. There were only two in town, and she bought one of them. She had never tasted an alligator pear, but she knew it was something elegant. She bought a jar of ripe olives. Ripe olives were not common in Iowa, but she had seen them advertised in her systematic study of the magazines. She bought salted almonds and after-dinner mints. She bought an angel-food cake. In the furniture store, she bought two small rose-colored lamps for the living room. In the dry-goods store, she bought two pairs of white silk stockings, silk-to-the-top. Miriam didn't really need them, of course, but one could not well show partiality between twins.

Then she went swiftly home, and into the kitchen, where she rolled up her sleeves and went to work. She had no notion of announcing anticipated events until the two ministers were well out of the house, and dinner was ready. She realized that she could easily fool the men with this most timely invitation out, but her sisters would certainly suspect her of coyness. So she postponed her announcement, and in the meanwhile, she worked.

At five o'clock, she sought out her father and Hiram, deep in a discussion of recent progress in the mastery



"It's Nice of You to Invite Me, but I Can't Come Tonight."

of the air, and informed them that they had been invited out to dinner, most importantly, and that Joplin Westbury expected them very early.

Hiram Buckworth seemed anything but pleased at this hospitable overture.

"But, see here—I can't go. I told Marjory I would—I think I'll call him up—"

"Oh, it is too late. Why, his wife has dinner all ready for you."

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?" he demanded impatiently.

"Well, I didn't get home until very late, and you were upstairs. I hated to disturb you. And I supposed of course you would like to go."

"Well, of course, I would like it—some time—but tonight—"

"He said to be there before six, because they eat early, and he likes his food hot," she said. "Come, father, I'll brush you off a bit."

And she persisted in her assiduous kindness until she finally saw her father walking off in the unwilling hands of Hiram Buckworth.

"I can't find Marjory," he whispered, dejectedly. "You tell her how it was—will you? And tell her I'll break away as soon as I decently can."

"Oh, don't do that. Marjory won't mind—she can wait until tomorrow night for—whatever you were going to do tonight."

And she stood grimly on the veranda and watched until they disappeared from sight.

"For it would be just like him to drop poor father right in the middle of the street, and come bounding back for a last look at the roof that shelters her—the base pretender," she said indignantly.

But when she was assured that their departure was final, she flew upstairs to the room where her sisters were industriously sewing lace upon bits of silk to accord with the very latest fashions in lingerie.

"Girls, hurry and get dolled up," she said. "Father and Hiram have gone out to dinner—to Jop West's—and Eddy Jackson is coming in, and I'm doing all the work myself, so we're going to pretend it's a party just for us."

"Put it off till tomorrow night," said Marjory, "so—father will be here."

"Can't. Eddy has some kid from some place—old school friend, or something—and he wants something to do with him, so they are coming here. Come on now, let's have a good time. Look, I bought you each a present—silk-to-the-top." She brandished the stockings before them. "A sale. Good ones."

Marjory's eyes were wistful. "They are just lovely," she said, "but I shan't waste them on Eddy Jackson and that child from some place. I'll keep them till tomorrow when—father is here."

"Since when has father shown such fondness for silk stockings? And if you don't put them on this very minute, I'm going to wear them myself. Aw, Margie, be a sport. Show Eddy a good time for once. Think how good he was to father."

Either the pleading or the threat was to good effect. Marjory hastily pulled off her shoes and stockings, and tried on the new silks-to-the-top. The shimmering whiteness of them, the silken softness, seemed to inspire her, to inspire Miriam, also, who quickly emulated her example, and flitting each other to further effort by this brave beginning, they entered joyously into the spirit of the affair. They brought out their entire wardrobe to make selections that would match the charm of the silk stockings—treasured bits of ribbons and lace, modest pieces of inexpensive jewelry. They tried things on, rearranged, experimented. They admired bizarre effects, offered criticisms, suggestions, helped to arrange each other's hair. Ginger, meanwhile, flew distractedly back and forth, between kitchen, dining room and bedroom, urging them on, praising the results.

It was five minutes before seven when they pronounced themselves perfect beyond the power of their possessions to improve one iota. And then they looked, at Ginger, a flushed, perspiring Ginger, with tumbled hair and starry eyes, a Ginger adorned in a trim, cheap, flaming red smock.

"Mercy, Ginger, you're a sight. You'd better dress. They'll be here."

But Ginger had no intention of dressing. She was going to make this a real party, two and two, en tete-a-tete. She would wait on the table, passing back and forth as service was needed. As the girls, indeed, often took turns in waiting upon the table when there were guests, they quickly acquiesced, for as Ginger said, she was entirely too hot, and too tired, and too excited to dress.

She straightened her disordered hair, puffed her flushed face with a whisk of powder, and smoothed down the flaming smock. Beside the twins in their delicate coolness, their shimmering whiteness, she was like a hot and seething little fire.

At the sound of the siren at the gate, she ran toward the kitchen, while the twins, each with an arm around the other's waist, sauntered slowly down the stairs, softly singing, as the two men came briskly up the flagstone path.

But Ginger had not gone to the kitchen. Not all the way. She planted herself just beyond the base of the circular staircase, out of sight, but where a mirror on the opposite wall reflected the veranda entrance. Ginger was not one to miss the approach of a romantic figure. These things happen too seldom to be taken with nonchalance.

And as, in the mirror, reflecting the doorway, she saw that brisk approach up the flagstone path, black horror darkened her eyes, white anger paled her flushed cheeks.

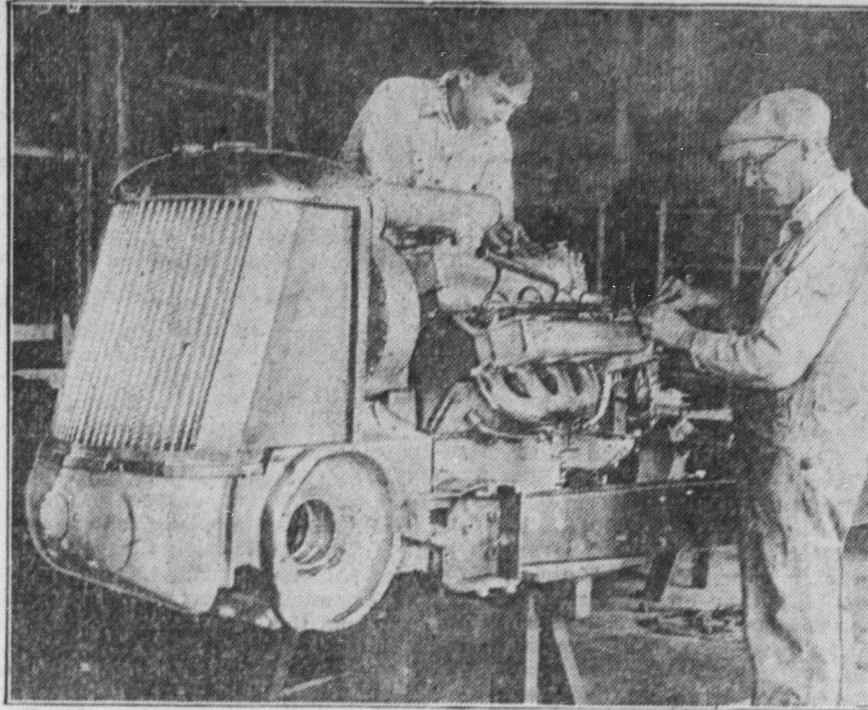
The twins, cool, white and smiling, had descended to the bottom-most step. And in the open doorway, laughing, stood Eddy Jackson. And beside him—

Miriam withdrew herself impetuously from Marjory's light clasp, and sang her arms about him.

"Oh, Alex—oh, you darling—you hateful thing—Why didn't you tell me?—Marge, it's Alex!" It was the can grocer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FINAL TOUCHES ON FRONT DRIVE ENGINE



Plenty of speed and power will be obtained from this \$25,000 roadster according to Harry A. Miller, famous racing expert of Los Angeles, who is building it for Phillip Chancellor. The roadster will have a front drive and its eight cylinders will be capable of giving it a normal touring speed of 125 miles an hour. The automobile will have a 300 horse power motor.

MOTOR TRUCK NOW BIG FARM FACTOR

Hard-Surfaced Roads Facilitate Marketing of Wheat in Ohio.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In Ohio, after hard-surfaced highways have become common, the use of the motor truck in taking wheat from the field to the country elevator has become a very important factor in the tremendous after-harvest congestion at country and terminal elevators, says Charles M. Fritz, grain exchange supervisor of the Chicago office of the grain futures administration of the United States Department of Agriculture, following a survey of the development of recent years in harvesting and marketing the Ohio wheat crop.

Permit Use of Trucks.

"The hard-surfaced highways which have been built throughout the countryside," says Mr. Fritz, "permit the use of motor trucks for hauling wheat from the farm, which not only shortens the time required for hauling but also permits taking larger loads. Perhaps the longest haul now required at various Ohio points to move the farmer's wheat is about eight miles. With a horse-drawn vehicle this trip would have required the greater part of a day, and the average load would have ranged from about 50 bushels in hilly country to about 100 bushels on good level roads. Under those conditions the weather was an important factor in the movement, as wheat was hauled to market generally in fair weather when the roads were dry. Under present-day conditions the trip is made by motor truck in about two and one-half hours, and loads ranging from 85 to 145 bushels are hauled regardless of weather conditions."

Trucks for Delivery.

Mr. Fritz has observed a growing tendency among Ohio farmers to sell their wheat f. o. b. the farm, and to make purchases of fertilizer, lime, and mixed feed on terms including delivery at the farm. In order to make such deliveries, Ohio elevators have equipped trucks for delivery purposes, charges being fixed on a cost basis and incorporated as a part of the sales contract, at rates less than the farmer can transport such commodities from elevator to farm. The farmer can now arrange with a local elevator relative to date of threshing and the elevators will supply motor trucks which will be in the wheat field at the beginning of operations. By this method the entire lot of grain is moved to the local elevator in less than a single day. Commercial trucking companies also participate in the wheat movement in the rush season, and wheat is carried until midnight, and receiving and elevation taken care of. "Obviously such an extremely rapid movement of grain from country to elevator," says Fritz, "is a severe strain upon the equipment and storage facilities of the local elevators. The speed at which the railroads today transport wheat during the 'new crop' movement is also a substantial factor in the enormous accumulations of wheat at terminals during the after-harvest rush movement."

"In years past," Mr. Fritz reports, "the railroads' box-car equipment was based on a 60,000-pound capacity car. The present car has a capacity of either 80,000 or 100,000 pounds. The use of the 60,000-pound capacity car established a custom among shippers and receivers of loading 1,100 bushels of red winter wheat for a carload. Receivers and mills are being urged by the railroads to use the larger units, for very few 60,000-pound cars remain that can be used for grain shipment. Consequently, the carload is increasing from 1,100 to 1,400 and 1,600 bushels. This increase in car capacity has a tendency to increase the total number of bushels in the daily receipts at terminals, while the number of cars received may not denote a material increase over the daily carlot receipts of former years."

The Motor Quiz

How Many Can You Answer?

Q. What is done with a reckless driver in China who kills a person?

Ans. It is said the driver is placed against a wall and shot.

Q. How many American motorists and cars toured Canada this year and approximately how much money was spent by the tourists?

Ans. About 12,000,000 motorists in 3,700,000 cars toured Canada, spending approximately \$180,000,000.

Q. Why should a car be moved to level ground before jacking it up?

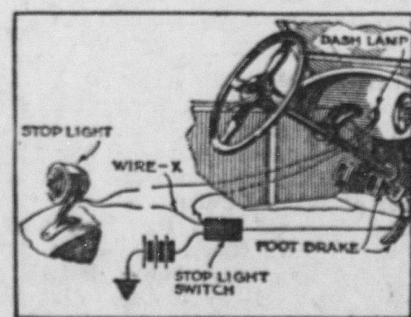
Ans. The car may roll off the jack, and run over anyone unable to get out of the way. It also may run away. If it is impossible to move the car to level ground it is a very good plan to securely block the wheels that remain on the ground.

Q. Why is it necessary to renew the oil filter at 10,000 miles?

Ans. Because the filtering element becomes filled with foreign matter at this mileage.

Stop Light Indicator Very Handy Accessory

The common method of hooking the dash light in series with the tail-light, using three-volt bulbs at each point, works nicely with the tail-light, but the system does not work with the stop light, which uses a much more powerful bulb, for no one wants a large bulb shining from the dash. The wiring arrangement shown eliminates this difficulty. A one-and-a-half-volt flashlight bulb is connected across the wire that leads to the stop light from the stop light switch. When current flows through a wire, there is a loss in voltage which can be read by means of a voltmeter connected at



The Prize Winner—the Arrangement of a Novel Flashlight Indicator That Tells Condition of Stop Light.

both ends of the wire. The flashlight bulb requires very little voltage to make it glow, and the drop in voltage in the wire leading to the stop light is sufficient to operate it. The beauty of the system is that if the stop light bulb burns out the flashlight cannot light, but if the flashlight burns out it will not affect the operation of the stop light. If the flashlight does not glow brightly enough add a few feet to the wire marked X in the diagram. —Popular Science Monthly.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES

The value of a highway is measured by the quality of its feeder roads.

Chinese roads are about four feet wide. Not much chance for auto accidents.

Be prepared for bad weather by having the skid chains in good condition and ready for use when needed.

An average of 2,000,000 motor cars pass out of existence every year. The average length of their service is seven years.

It is advisable to drain the carburetor occasionally to clean the fuel line of water which is forced from the gasoline tank.

The total highway costs in 1929 for county, state and federal roads in the United States will approximate \$1,675,000,000, of which the federal government's share is but \$75,000,000.

"Please make Father change his smoking tobacco"



MEN go to their graves ignorant of the suffering an over-strong pipe has caused others. But now, we trust, Father will lose no time in discovering Sir Walter Raleigh, whose mild, fragrant blend is as popular with the smoked-at, as it is delightful to the smoker. This blend of choice Burleys has plenty of body and a very special fragrance. Yet it's so mild you can smoke it all day long, with only the sensation of increasing enjoyment.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 1) Don't switch tobaccos when you break in a new pipe. Stick to the same brand for 30 or more pipefuls. Mixing tobaccos makes a pipe either strong or flat. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Dept. 13, The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco

It's milder



There's a Reason

Kind Old Lady—My goodness, but you must love that lady to death. I see you forming in line to kiss it. First Urchin—Sure, why wouldn't we? The baby has just got through eating an all-day sucker.—Detroit News.

Altitude Needed

"Bill is going to take up aviation." "I didn't know he was air-minded." "He isn't—just flighty."

A woman's tongue is her sword—and she never allows it to rust.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND FOR COUGHS, COLDS